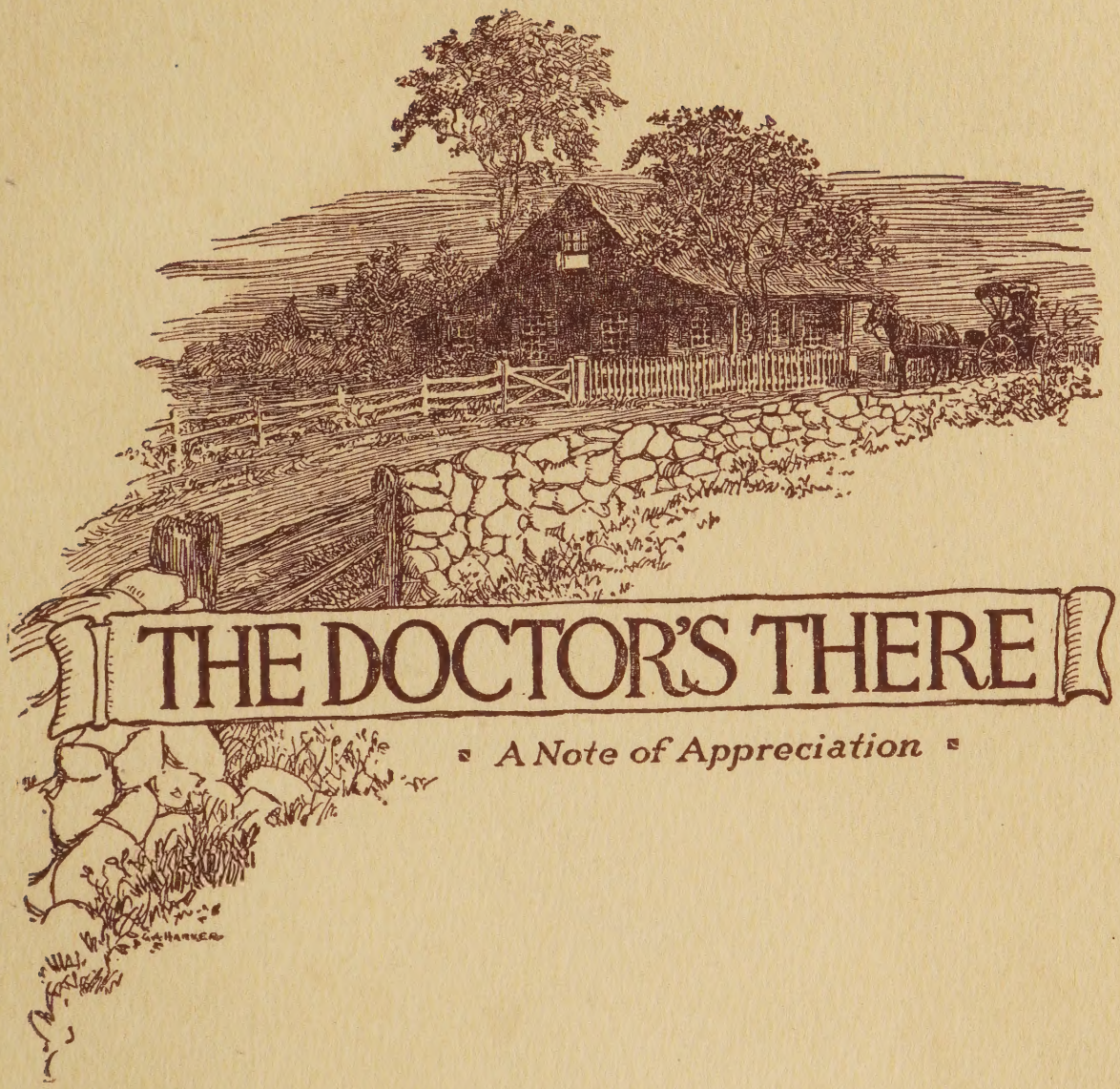

THE DOCTOR'S THERE

A Note of Appreciation

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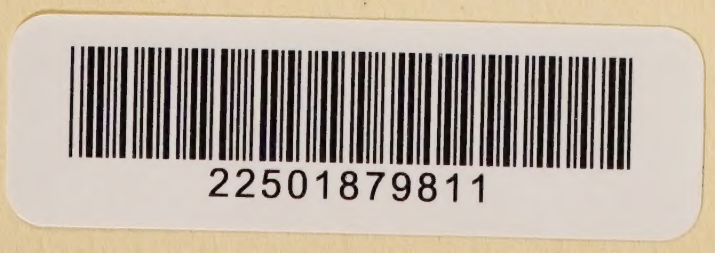
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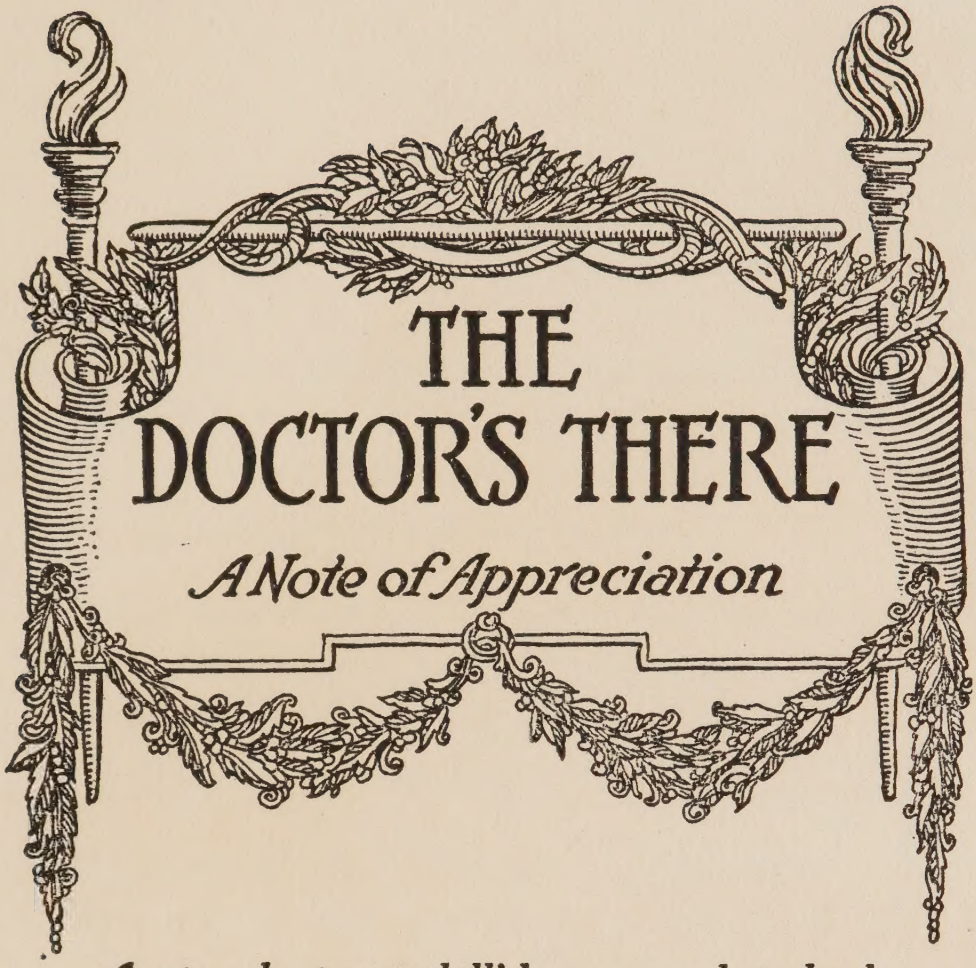

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
is more than armies to the public weal.--Pope

G. W. CARNRICK CO.
New York

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The Doctor's There

WHEN in the cottage blessed with Love's sweet store
A babe is born and o'er the rustic door
Is hung the crown of motherhood, and fair
Is all within — the Doctor's there.

When 'neath the pall of mystic Death's weird spell
A mother's heart is broken by the knell
Of all that's dear, and on the stair
No baby feet — the Doctor's there.

When virtue flees and breath of ruthless lust
Eats into the soul as does the gnawing rust,
When no one else with her the shame will share,
With mother's touch — the Doctor's there.

Where blossoms Life's sweet Bud at blush of day,
Where breath of withered rose at eve-tide steals away
On the South wind — in joy and care,
An uncrowned king — the Doctor's there.

W. A. MacKenzie, M. D.

G. W. Carnrick Co.,
New York City.
Gentlemen:

Answering your letter of inquiry, I wrote "The Doctor's There" fifteen years ago and sent it as an appreciation to Dr. W. G. Moore, 86 Vanderventer Place, St. Louis, Missouri, as Dr. Moore was my ideal as a physician.

Dr. Moore was formerly Professor of Practice of Medicine in St. Louis University and a true sunny-hearted Kentuckian. He lived up to all the good things that have ever been said or written about the doctor. He and my own father, Dr. Wm. R. MacKenzie of Chester, Illinois, who is in active practice at the age of seventy-four, ever lived the life of an idealized physician. My great great grandfather, my great grandfather, my grandfather, my father, my only brother, three uncles and several cousins were physicians, so you see when I wrote this poem I knew whereof I spoke. My grandfather continued actual practice until eighty-three years of age.

Yours very truly,
W. A. MacKenzie, M. D.,
Leesburg, Florida.

THERE are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd; the soldier, the sailor, and the shepherd not infrequently; the artist rarely; rarelier still, the clergyman: the physician almost as a rule. He is the flower (such as it is) of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marvelled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race. Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practice an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Herculean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sickroom, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing."

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Lay Estimate of the Doctor

THE doctor is altogether a special kind of a person. His illusions are few. His inside information is enormous, and if, now and then, he wears a superior smile, forgive him. He has probably just heard some remark which he knows to be fatuous or hypocritical. Again, his jokes are likely to be a bit technical, and his view of life materialistic. But if he has a brand of idealism, you can put your trust in it, for he has learned it in a hard school, and it is genuine. He has faced the worst, and can still believe the best. And if he has a religion, it will be worth coming at, for he has

wrested it out of the actual battles of good and evil in our common life seen at close range.

The lawyer we take into our confidence when we get good and ready; the clergyman we admit to parlor and dining room; but the doctor goes into bedroom unannounced. He goes in at a time when the house, temporal and spiritual, has not been set to rights for his reception, but if what he sees there surprises him, he seldom lets it be known. In the healing of bodies he has opportunities for healing souls which could never come to a priest, and with which many a priest could not deal. He is the lay father-confessor, regardless of creed. In cities, his club-ability is famous. He always fits. And clubs are justly full of him. Any club member is always safe in replying to any other's salutation, "Good evening, Doctor." He is a safe man on committees; he can turn his hand to any public business, and, if left alone, discharge it creditably. He knows more psychology in five minutes than the philosopher in a week, and he is withal the least emotional of men. The peculiar thing about him is that while fighting his grim and silent battle with death without the applause of a crowd, often without pay, and sometimes without even gratitude, he seems superior to all these considerations. He is responding to a higher sort of *noblesse oblige* which is almost unintelligible to the average man, hot for the average prizes. Compared with the impetuosity of military men, the ecstasies of religious leaders, and the silent fortitude of starving artists, the frozen enthusiasm of the doctor is a very curious manifestation. It may be something in the training he gets, for, no matter what the youngster may have been, if he has anything in him it will go hard if his practice as a physician does not bring it out. And to him belongs the final reward of service, which is the increased opportunity for service.

— *Boston Transcript.*

A DOZEN roses fer ol' Doc Griggs,
An' some fer his bay horse, too;
Fer Doc wasn't none o' yer fussy prigs,
But a man clean through an' through;
He jogged along in his easy way
An' he smiled with a sunny smile,
An' him an' that gig an' that dappled bay
Went many a weary mile.

Say! He had a look that was medicine,
An' a smile that was tonic, too;
An' th' gloom cleared up when Doc came in
With his cheery "Howdy do."

An' he had a touch like an Angel's kiss
That was cool an' soft an' kind —
Say! Gi' me a dozen flowers like this,
Th' sweetest that you can find.

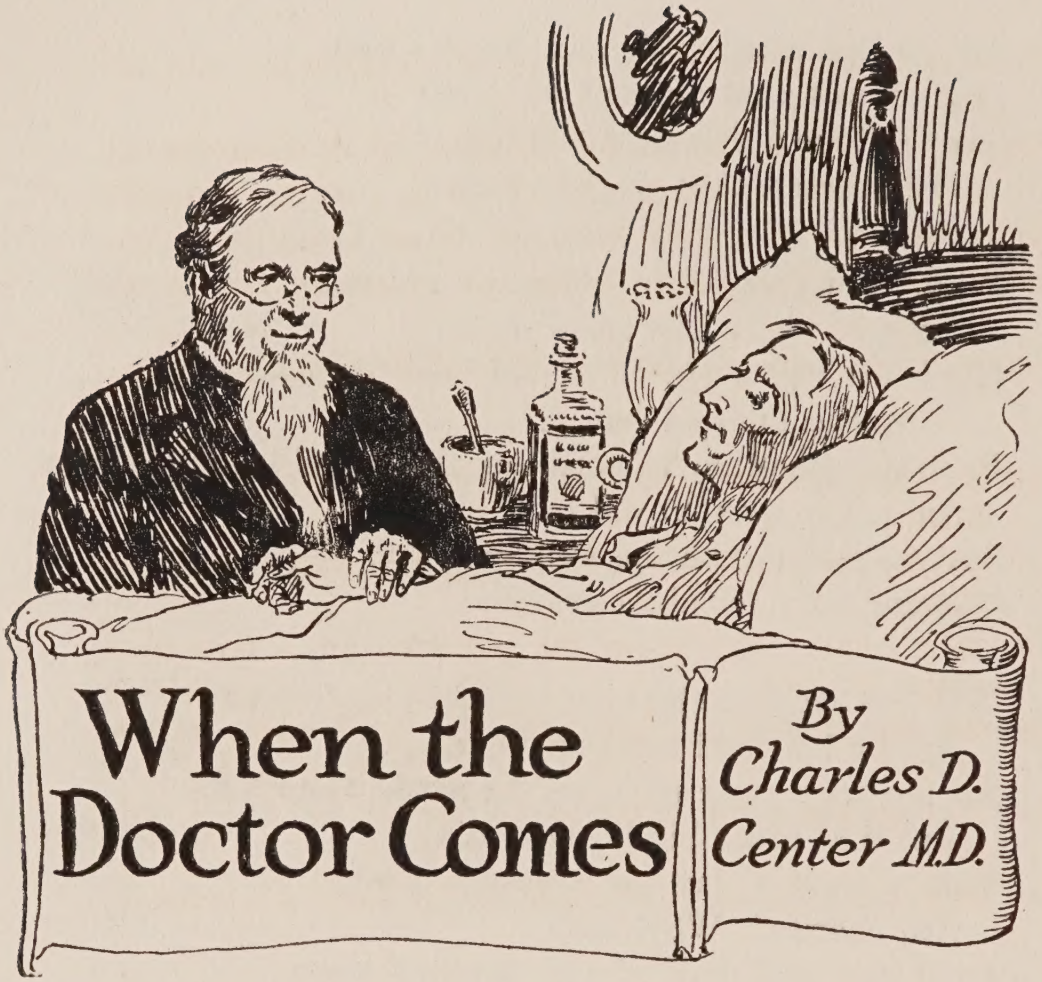
Why, all th' childurn 'ud wave an' call
An' toss him a kiss an' a smile;
His heart was a place, 'at 'ud hold 'em all,
Cause he knowed 'em all th' while
Fr'm th' time they're born, an' they'd bring him flowers
An' sugar fer that old bay —
Say, he was a man, he was, an' ours,
Rain, shine, er night er day.

Why, he set more legs an' he cured more hives
An' he knocked more rheumatiz,
An' he druv more miles an' he saved more lives.
An' that great big heart o' his
Was a place t' lay yer troubles down;
An' charity! Why, say!
I c'd buy nigh half of this country town
With what he give away!

Only a country doctor, hey?
Well, God made th' country, sure;
An' God made Doc jest that same way,
Great big an' fresh an' pure;
Say! Gi' me white roses — they'll match with him.
Dadblame this ornery blur!
Gittin' old, I guess, an' my eyes is dim:
Bill, lend me yer handkercher!

— J. W. Foley.

(*Reprint*: From *The Medical Herald*, Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo.)



When the Doctor Comes

By Charles D. Center M.D.

Gran'pap's sick, an' all on us are feelin' purty blue,
Fer he's gettin' purty old, an' weak an' feeble too.
We're all a'might fond on him; th' day w'en we can't see
Th' ol' man sittin' by the fire — th' Bible on his knee,
Is goin' to make us orfle sad. Pap sets an' twirls 'is thum's,
Awaitin' fer th' gate to click w'en the Doctor comes.

Bill sees 'im drawin' up the lane, so Pap he ups an' goes
Tu tie th' horse, an' blanket him; th' Doctor 'll be mos' froze.
Th' Doctor's voice is jest ez strong, 'n cheerful ez can be.
He sez ez how he thinks th' snow'll last all tho' Feb'ary.
But Pap's voice 's harsh, an' sorter gruff, an' he acks so
kinder glum.
But he's cheerfuller 'n he was before, fer th' Doctor's come.

'En w'en he comes inter th' house Mam takes his coat an' hat,
'An puts a cheer up by th' fire th' same place where he sat
Th' las' time he was here. An' w'en he's warm he walks
Right inter th' spare bed room, an' he an' Gran'pap talks.
An' he feels 'is pulse, an' th' rest ov us are keepin' purty mum.
But we're jest doggon orfle glad that th' Doctor's come.

But he stays in thur so tur'ble long th' figgits gits hold on Mam;
An' mebby me too, fer she boxes me an' tells me not tu slam
Th' door. But Gram'mam she jest sits, an' a tear runs down 'er face,
An' she sez, kinder soft an' slow, "O Lord, show us thy grace."
An' that makes a nut come in my throat an' I feel orfle bum!
But things is goin' tu go all right fer th' Doctor's come.

'En he comes out, an' looks around, an' Mam she kinder braces.
An' asks how Gran'pap'll git along. An' then th' Doctor's is
Jest th' han'somest you ever seen! An' he sez: "There, don't fret.
I shouldn't wonder but Gran'pap'll bury us all yet."
And then another tear rolls down and drops on Gran'-mam's thum'.
But she looks orfle happy now th' Doctor's come.

— *Doctor's Magazine.*

(*Medical Mirror* 556-557).

"He Maketh the Blind to See"

MARY MURDOCK MASON, *in the Century.*

Beneath his wrist there stirs a sun-god's thought,
A strong magnetic current swiftly flows
Through palm and finger-tip, and power bestows
On tiny blade of steel with promise fraught.
Up toward the eye the charged blade is brought.
Marble, moonlit, the arched cornea shows.
The iris, lying lakelike in repose,
And the deep pupil where the soul is caught.

"Let there be light," he says — "Let there be light,"
And, solemn as the sign of the cross, the hand
Performs the miracle. At that command
The pulsing thought leaps toward the blind man's night.
Symbolic, like a dove's flight to its nest,
The haloed hand drops down and is at rest.

The Old Time Doctor

By Cary T. Grayson M.D.

THE old time family physician, being a broad-minded and greatly beloved and respected citizen, was looked up to for the solution of every problem with reference to life and death that involved the human race from the time of Jenner down to and including the present-day specialism. He solved these problems in a rough and rugged, common-sense way, and thereby placed himself without any solicitation or effort on his part in unanimous nomination in the hearts and minds of every one he came in contact with, as the original member of the National Department of Health.

Many of us, my friends, may never reach the "portals of Fame's proud temple shining afar." We may not wear the epaulets of exalted rank, nor stand in the Nation's Capitol, crowned with civil honors. We may not, like St. Paul, open the Book of Truth to a heathen world, nor tread the martyr's holy path to glory. But in the humble sphere of the good physician we may win a grand and glorious victory. It may be ours to do the

little things on earth, to visit the sick, to comfort the lowly, to cheer the weak, to raise the fallen, to minister even a cup of cold water in His name; and though the world may build for us no monument of marble and history's page reflect no brilliant deeds of valor, yet, surely our reward shall be a crown of rejoicing, pure and fadeless from the pierced hands of the Prince of Peace!
— By CARY T. GRAYSON, M.D., United States Navy, Washington, D. C. (Public address, Southern Medical Association, eighth annual meeting, Richmond, Va., November 9-12, 1914.

A Tribute to the Doctor

THE alleged rapacity of doctors is one of the meanest of libels. It is contradicted by common knowledge and every-day experience. The physician who thinks first of his fee is a rarity. The young woman of Trenton who was ready to sell herself in marriage for $1,000 to pay for an operation on her mother need only have gone to the nearest hospital and not a cent would have been asked. A Brooklyn doctor a few days ago got up from a sickbed to take a bullet from the brain of an insane prisoner. His fee was — nothing.

From the time of Galen the medical profession has been the butt of the jesters. Most of the jokes are variants of "The surgeon buries his mistakes". . . .

It is only in modern letters that we find real appreciation of one of the noblest of professions — in the poems, for example, of William Ernest Henley, who knew what it meant to be In Hospital. It is good to feel that these lines from his sonnet, "The Chief," truly express a sentiment that is general today:

"If envy scout, if ignorance deny
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness and splendid skill,
Innumerable gratitudes reply."

Doctors are no doubt lower than the angels, but in whose daily labor is there more of unselfish service to fellow human beings?

— *The New York Tribune.*

THE personal friendship of Luke with Mary, the mother of Jesus, enabled him to give us a glimpse at the boy-life of the Master. This intimacy, coupled with his professional character as a physician, enabled him to draw from her the particulars of the miraculous conception, as well as the singular circumstances surrounding and connected with the Messiah's birth. Luke's narrative tells a mother's story. A womanly woman would not — could not — tell that story to any other than her confidential physician, nor could another person fully appreciate the details of such an event. Think for a moment of the utter impossibility of a mother telling of these occurrences to a rude fisherman, or to a taxgatherer! Her nature would revolt and compel her to shrink from the ordeal, but to Luke — he was her doctor. He knew of the distress and maternal agony that she had suffered; she knew of his exceeding gentleness and sympathetic nature. She would and did tell him the whole story."

"*Luke: The Beloved Physician*," by the late DR. J. C. CULBERTSON, Cincinnati, O.

I HAVE a supreme contempt for the flings indiscriminately hurled at physicians as a class. I can best intimate my feeling toward the mosquitoey efforts of a certain sort of soured soul against the noblest of our professions by appending a few lines written on the receipt of your letter.

He aimed satiric shafts and curses,
His verbal sneers and vagrom verses,
His epigrams
Replete with damns,
At Doctors, Surgeons, and their purses.
On all the Clan of Medicos
He upward turned his ruby nose.
He fleered them, sneered them,
Speared them, jeered them,
Held them sponsors for all woes —
And then — alas! —
It came to pass

He got a "tummy-ache" one day —
Or it got him — but either way
It tied him in a bow-knot gay,
And turned his ruby nose serene
Into a sort of pinkish green
The like of which you've never seen.
And did he seek a Cleric then,
Or one of fame 'mongst legal men?
And did he call for aid from folks
Who's bought his funny medic-jokes?
Not he, indeed! He writhed and roared,
"A DOCTOR, QUICK! O LORD! O LORD!
Get me a DOCTOR, or I'm floored —
MY GORD! MY GORD!"
And when the Doctor came, he pled,
While writhing there upon his bed,
As any drowning man might plead,
The intervention of some deed
Whatever it might be, to save
Him from the perils of the grave!

. . .

From all of which I've often "thunk"
That sneers like his are mostly "bunk,"
Or in the vulgar parlance, "punk,"
Brave words indeed when all's serene,
But when one's nose is turning green,
And in one's vermiform there's fire
That doth suggest a punctured tire,
As full of courage and of hope
As any bubble made of soap!

— John Kendrick Bangs, *Medical Review of Reviews*.

Greater Love Hath No Man

THE French Consul at Harbin relates the death of Dr. Gerald Mesny while at his post as director of the Chinese Imperial School of Medicine at Tientzin: Not having received from the Doctor the usual visit of courtesy the Consul called upon the former and found him just leaving to get into the hospital conveyance. "I have refrained from coming to see you knowing you have a wife and family; I feared to carry the infection to your house, for I have examined my saliva and find myself infected." Dr. Mesny then computed that he had but thirty-six hours to live; he begged the Consul not to inform his (the sufferer's) wife and children until after his death, when his effects with his will were to be disinfected and sent to the latter. "I am sorry I cannot even shake hands with you, but I thank you and beg you will excuse the trouble I have given you." Smiling and with a cigarette in his lips, he then got into the hospital wagon, and presently died of the plague. Dr. Mesny was a Breton, aged 42, who was sent to the French Ministry at Pekin in 1900; a subscription is being raised for a memorial in Paris. Humanity will be the better for such a monument in the market place. . . .

Like the Church, Medicine also has her martyrs; and perhaps no finer nor more generous sentiment has ever been expressed than that of a clergyman: "You will find today the largest body of disinterested, laborious, self-sacrificing men, looking for no reward, and getting no reward, except that which comes from faithful service to mankind, in the medical profession."

— Dr. J. Clark Slay, *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, Vol. XXVII, No. 5.

The Family Doctor

I've tried the high-toned specialists who doctor folks today,
I've heard the throat man whisper low: "Come on now let us spray."
I've sat in fancy offices and waited long my turn
And paid for fifteen minutes what it took a week to earn.
But while these scientific men are kindly, one and all,
I miss the good old doctor that my mother used to call.

The old-time family doctor! Oh, I am sorry that he's gone,
He ushered us into the world and knew us every one,
He didn't have to ask a lot of questions for he knew
Our histories from birth and all the ailments we'd been through.
And though as children small we feared the medicines he'd send,
The old-time family doctor grew to be our dearest friend.

No hour too late, no night too rough for him to heed our call;
He knew exactly where to hang his coat up in the hall;
He knew exactly where to go, which room upstairs to find
The patient he'd been called to see, and saying: "Never mind,
I'll run up there myself and see what's causing all the fuss."
It seems we grew to look and lean on him as one of us.

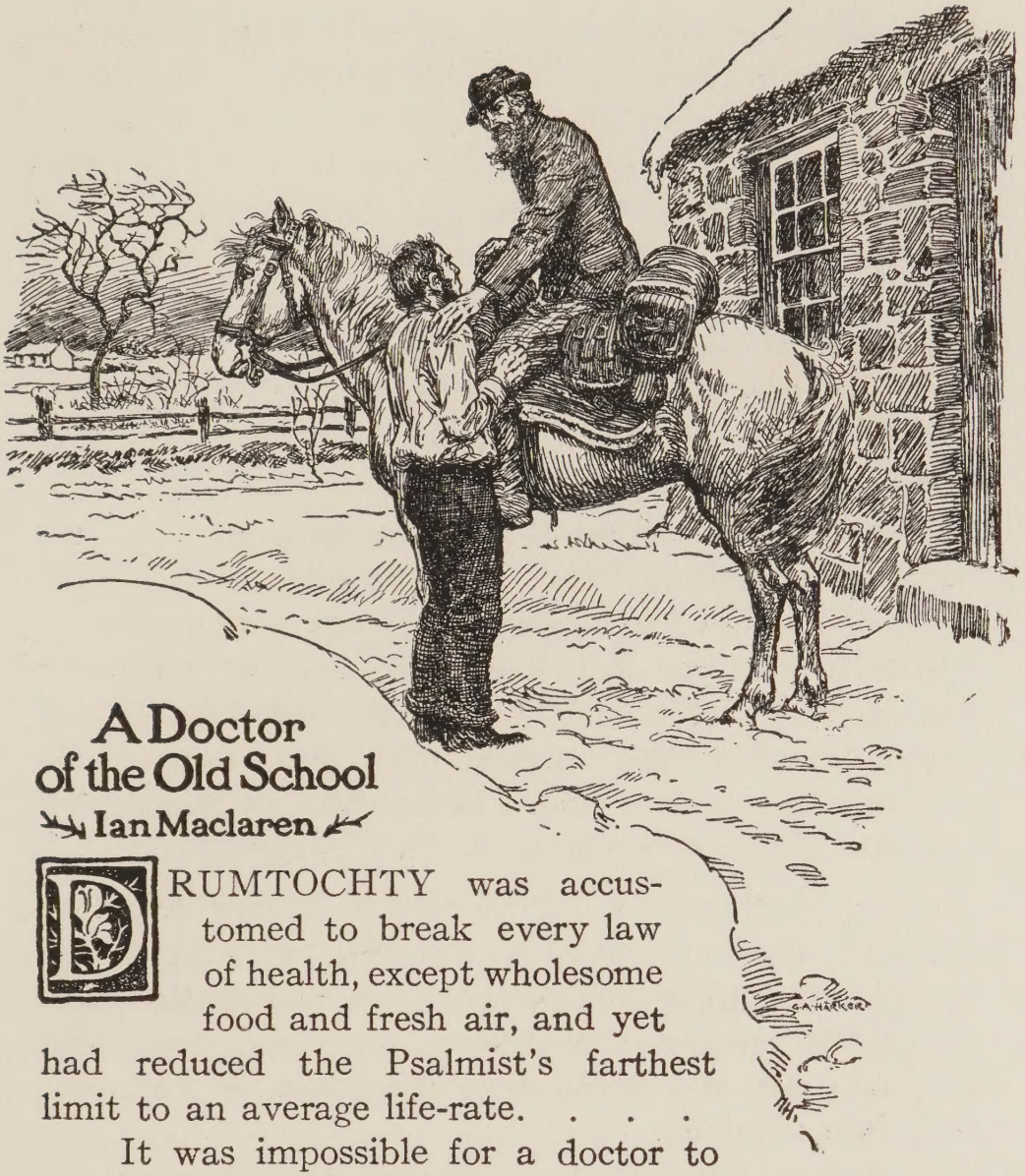
He had a big and kindly heart, a fine and tender way,
And more than once I've wished that I could call him in today.
The specialists are clever men and busy men, I know,
And haven't time to doctor as they did long years ago.
But some day he may come again, the friend that we can call
The good old family doctor who will love us one and all.

— Edgar A. Guest,
Illinois Medical Journal, April, 1923.

"I AM certain that most of you have read that charming story, 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,' by Ian MacLaren. As you probably remember, in it he idealizes a country doctor living in the little Scotch village of Drumtochty, his quaint sayings, his modest, unostentatious charity, his idolization by his patients. The pathos surrounding his death and burial makes your heart come up into your throat and tears attest your affection for this humble apostle of medicine."

— *N. Y. State Journal of Medicine.*

The following extracts are by permission of the publishers, Hodder & Stoughton, London, and the Executor of the Estate of Dr. John Watson. They are necessarily brief. A complete copy of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" should be in the library of every physician.



A Doctor of the Old School

Ian Maclaren

DRUMTOCHTY was accustomed to break every law of health, except wholesome food and fresh air, and yet had reduced the Psalmist's farthest limit to an average life-rate. . . .

It was impossible for a doctor to earn even the most modest competence from a people of such scandalous health, and so MacLure had annexed neighboring parishes. . . .

One horse could not do the work of this man, but we liked best to see him on his old white mare, who died the week after her master, and the passing of the two did our hearts good. It was not that he rode beautifully, for he broke every canon of art, flying with his arms, stooping till he seemed to be speaking into Jess's ears, and rising in

the saddle beyond all necessity. But he could ride faster, stay longer in the saddle, and had a firmer grip with his knees than anyone I ever met, and it was all for mercy's sake. When the reapers in harvest time saw a figure whirling past in a cloud of dust, or the family at the foot of Glen Urtach, gathered round the fire on a winter's night, heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs on the road, or the shepherds, out after the sheep, traced a black speck moving across the snow to the upper glen, they knew it was the doctor, and without being conscious of it, wished him God speed.

Before and behind his saddle were strapped the instruments and medicine the doctor might want, for he never knew what was before him. There were no specialists in Drumtochty, so this man had to do everything as best he could, and as quickly. He was chest doctor, and doctor for every other organ as well; he was accoucheur and surgeon; he was oculist and aurist; he was dentist and chloroformist, besides being chemist and druggist. . .

Dr. MacLure was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled. . . .

"Is't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? Tell's the truth. Wull Annie no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie has a chance, but a'daurna; a' doot yir gaein' to lose her, Tammas."

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment, he laid his hand on Tammas's shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye'ill play the man and no vex Annie; she'ill dae her best, a'll warrant." . . .

"Can naethin be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, an' we were a' sae prood o' ye, an' pleased tae think that he hed keepit deith frae anither hame. Can ye no think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light.

"There's nae pooer in heaven or airth like luve," Marget said to me afterwards; "it maks the weak strong and the dumb tae speak. Oor herts were as water afore Tammas's words, an' a' saw the doctor shake in his saddle. A' never kent till that meenut hoo he hed a share in a'body's grief, an' carried the heaviest wecht o' a' the Glen. A' peetied him wi' Tammas lookin' at him sae wistfully, as if he hed the keys o' life an' deith in his hands. But he wes honest, and wudna hold oot a false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win escape for himsel'." "Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luved her; a' brocht her intae the warld, and a' saw her through the fever when she wes a bit lassikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it was me had tae tell her she wes an orphan, an' nae man wes better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her fower bairns. A've naither wife nor bairns o' ma' own, an' a' coont a' the fouk o' the Glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes a man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble." . .

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came of long experience, and the doctor, held converse with her according to his wont.

. . .

"It's hard, Jess, that money wull buy life after a', an' if Annie wes a duchess her man wudna lose her; but bein' only a puir cottar's wife, she maun dee afore the week's oot. . . . "We'll gang and see Drumsheugh, Jess; he's anither man sin' Geordie Hoo's deith, and he wes aye kinder than fouk kent;" and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his hert."

" . . A' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochty sae bund up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man, ye'ill need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

" . . It's a fell chairge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we'ill hae him, and no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?"

"Write the telegram, man, and Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht and ye'ill hae hir man the morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh, but ye'ill grant me ae favour. Ye'ill lat me pay the half, bit by bit — a' ken yir wullin' tae dae't a' — but a' haena mony pleasures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life." . . .

Next morning a figure received Sir George on the Kildrummie platform, whom that famous surgeon took for a gillie, but who introduced himself as "MacLure of Drumtochty."

Four times they left the road and took their way over

fields; twice they forced a passage through a slap in a dyke; thrice they used gaps in the paling which MacLure had made on his downward journey. . . . "But oor worst job 'ill be crossin' the Tochty." . . .

"It micht be safer tae lift the instruments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haddin' them on yir knee till we're ower an' keep firm in yir seat in case we come on a stane in the bed o' the river?" . . .

Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned by any person.

"Sit doon!" thundered MacClure. "Condemned ye will be, suner or later, gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day." . . .

"Dis he think Annie — 'ill live?"

"Of coorse he dis, and be aboot the hoose inside a month;" . . . When the doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a check beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no!" said the great man. "Mrs. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and your friend.

"You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean miserly rascal," and the check with Drumsheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor. As the train began to move, a voice from the first called so that all in the station heard.

"Give's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honour to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings."

When Drumsheugh's grieve was brought to the gates

of death by fever, caught, as was supposed, on an adventurous visit to Glasgow, the London doctor at Lord Kilspindie's shooting lodge looked in on his way from the moor, and declared it impossible for Saunders to live through the night.

"I give him six hours, more or less; it is only a question of time," said the oracle, buttoning his gloves and getting into the drake. "Tell your parish doctor that I was sorry not to have met him." . .

"Div ye think, Weelum, he hes a chance?"

"That he hes, at ony rate, and it'ill no be your blame or mine if he hesna mair."

While he was speaking, MacLure took off his coat and waistcoat and hung them on the back of the door. Then he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt and laid bare two arms that were nothing but bone and muscle.

"Aff wi' yir coat, Drumsheugh," said MacLure; "ye'll need tae bend yir back the nicht; gither a' the pails in the hoose and fill them at the spring, an' a'll come doon tae help ye wi' the carryin'." . . . "We have juise taw weapons."

"Yon milk on the drawer's head an' the bottle of whisky is tae keep up the strength, an this cool caller water is tae keep down the fever." . . .

"Div ye mean tae pit Saunders in the tub?"

"Ye hiv it noo, Drumsheugh, and that's hoo a' need yir help."

Thrice it was done, Drumsheugh ever bringing up cooler water from the spring, and twice MacLure was silent; but after the third time there was a gleam in his eye. . . .

"It's me, Saunders; Doctor MacLure, ye ken; dinna try tae speak or move; juist let this drap milk slip ower — ye'ill be needin' yir breakfast, lad — and gang tae sleep again."

Five minutes, and Saunders had fallen into a deep, healthy sleep, all tossing and moaning come to an end. . .

As autumn passed into winter, the Glen noticed that the doctor's hair had turned gray, and that his manner had lost all its roughness. A feeling of secret gratitude filled their hearts, and they united in a conspiracy of attention. Annie Mitchell knitted a huge comforter in red and white, which the doctor wore in misery for one whole day, out of respect for Annie, and then hung in his sitting-room as a wall ornament. Hillocks used to intercept him with hot drinks, and one drifting day compelled him to shelter till the storm abated. Flora Campbell brought a wonderful compound of honey and whisky, much tasted in Auchindarroch for his cough, and the mother of young Burnbrae filled his cupboard with black jam, as a healing measure. Jamie Soutar seemed to have an endless series of jobs in the doctor's direction, and looked in "just to rest himsel' " in the kitchen. . . .

It was a bitter December Sabbath, and the fathers were settling the affairs of the parish ankle keep in snow, when MacLure's old housekeeper told Drumsheugh that the doctor was not able to rise, and wished to see him in the afternoon.

The doctor had weakened sadly, and could hardly lift his head, but his face lit up at the sight of his visitor, and the big hand, which was now quite refined in its whiteness, came out from the bed-clothes with the old warm grip. . . .

"We've been freends sin' we were laddies at the auld schule in the firs, an' a' wud like ye tae be wi' me at the end. Ye'ill stay the nicht, Paitrick, for auld lang syne."

. . .

"It's maist awful' tae hear ye speakin' aboot deein' 'Weelum; a' canna bear it." . . .

"A've nae tribble worth mentionin' — a bit titch o'

bronchitis — an' a've hed a graund constitution; but a'm fair worn out, Paitrick; that's ma complaint, an' it's past curin'."

"When ye're ready, Paitrick, there's taw or three little trokes a' wud like ye tae look aifter, an' a'll tell ye aboot them as lang's ma head's clear.

"A' didna keep buiks, as ye ken, for a' aye hed a guid memory, so naebody 'ill be harried for money aifter ma deith, and ye'ill hae nae accounts tae collect.

"But the fouk are honest in Drumtochty, and they'ill be offerin' ye siller, an' a'll gie ye ma mind about it. Gin it be a puir body, tell her tae keep it and get a bit plaidie wi' the money, and she'ill maybe think o' her auld doctor at a time. Gin it be a bien (well-to-do) man, tak half of what he offers, for a Drumtochty man wud scorn to be mean in sic circumstances; and if onybody needs a doctor an' canna pay for him, see he's no left tae dee when a'm oot o' the road." . .

"If the new doctor be a young laddie and no verra rich, ye micht let him hae the buiks an' instruments; it 'ill aye be a help.

"A'm gettin' drowsy, an' a'll no be able tae follow ye sune, a' doot; wud ye read a bit tae me afore a' fo' ower?

"Ye'ill find ma mither's Bible on the drawers' heid, but ye'ill need tae come close tae the bed, for a'm no hearin' or seein' sae weel as a' wes when ye cam'."

Drumsheugh put on his spectacles and searched for a comfortable Scripture, while the light of the lamp fell on his shaking hands and the doctor's face, where the shadow was now settling.

"Ma mither aye wantit this read tae her when she wes sober," (weak) and Drumsheugh began, "In My Father's house are many mansions," but MacLure stopped him.

"It's a bonnie word, an' yir mither wes a sanct;

but it's no for the like o' me. It's ower gude; a' daurna tak it.

"Shut the buik an' let it open itsel', an' ye'ill get a bit a've been readin' every nicht the laist month."

Then Drumsheugh found the Parable wherein the Master tells what God thinks of a Pharisee and of a penitent sinner, till he came to the words, "And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."

"That micht hae been written for me, Paitrick, or ony ither auld sinner that hes feenished his life, an' hes naethin' tae say for himsel'."

"Cud ye . . . pit up a bit prayer, Paitrick?"

"A' haena the words," said Drumsheugh in great distress; "wud ye like's tae send for the minister?"

"It's no the time for that noo, an' a' wud rather hae yersel' — juist what's in yir heart, Paitrick; the Almichty 'ill ken the lave (rest) Himsel'."

So Drumsheugh knelt and prayed with many pauses.

"Almichty God . . . dinna be hard on Weelum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty. . . . Be kind tae him as he's been tae us a' for forty year. . . . We're a' sinners afore Thee. . . . Forgive him what he's dune wrang, an' dinna cuist it up tae him. . . . Mind the fouk he's helpit . . . the weemen and bairnies . . . an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needin't aifter a' his wark. . . . Amen."

"Thank ye, Paitrick, and gude nicht tae ye. Ma ain true freend, gie's yir hand, for a'll maybe no ken ye again."

. . .

The gray morning light fell on Drumsheugh, still holding his friend's cold hand, and staring at a hearth

where the fire had died down into white ashes; but the peace on the doctor's face was of one who rested from his labours. . . .

Dr. MacLure was buried during the great snowstorm, which is still spoken of, and will remain the standard of snowfall in Drumtochty for the century. . . .

"Weelum MacLure 'll hae the beerial he deserves in spite o' sna' and drifts; it passes a' tae see hoo they've githered frae an' near." . . .

"It's the respeck he's gettin' the day frae high an' low," was Jamie's husky apology; "tae think o' them fechtin' their wy doon frae Glen Urtach, and toilin' roon frae the heich Glen, an' his lordship drivin' through the drifts a' the road frae Muirtown, juist tae honour Weelum MacLure's beerial."

"Bit wae's me" — and Jamie broke down utterly behind a fir tree, so tender a thing is a cynic's heart — "that fouk 'ill tak a man's best wark a' his days withoot a word an' no dae him honour till he dees. Oh, if they hed only githered like this juist aince when he wes livin'; an' lat him see he hedna laboured in vain. His reward hes come ower late, ower late."

Surely no funeral is like unto that of a doctor for pathos, and a peculiar sadness fell on that company as his body was carried out who for nearly half a century had been their help in sickness, and had beaten back Death time after time from their door. Death after all was victor, for the man that saved them had not been able to save himself. . . . After the funeral Drumsheugh came himself for Jess, and took her to his farm. Saunders made a bed for her with soft, dry straw, and prepared for her supper such things as horses love. Jess would neither take food nor rest, but moved uneasily in her stall, and seemed to be waiting for someone that never came. No man knows what a horse or a dog understands or feels, for

God hath not given them our speech. If any footstep was heard in the courtyard, she began to neigh, and was always looking around as the door opened. But nothing would tempt her to eat, and in the night-time Drumsheugh heard her crying as if she expected to be taken out for some sudden journey.

"A've see it aince afore," said the veterinary, "Gin she were a Christian instead of a horse, ye micht say she was dying o' broken hert."

When . . . the turf had been spread, Lord Kilspindie spoke; "Friends of Drumtochty, it would not be right that we should part in silence and no man say what is in every heart. We have buried the remains of one that served this Glen with a devotion that has known no reserve, and a kindliness that never failed, for more than forty years. I have seen many brave men in my day, but no man in the trenches of Sebastopol carried himself more knightly than William MacLure. You will never have heard from his lips what I may tell you to-day, that my father secured for him a valuable post in his younger days, and he preferred to work among his own people; and I wished to do many things for him when he was old, but he would have nothing for himself. He will never be forgotten while one of us lives, and I pray that all doctors everywhere may share his spirit. If it be your pleasure, I shall erect a cross above his grave and shall ask my old friend and companion Dr. Davidson, your minister, to choose the text to be inscribed."

"We thank you, Lord Kilspindie," said the doctor, "for your presence with us in our sorrow and your tribute to the memory of William MacLure, and I choose this for his text:"

> **"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."**